From the Author

# CONFUSION'S MASTER-PIECE:

OR,

# PAINE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

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[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

# CONFUSION'S MASTER-PIECE:

OR,

# PAINE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

BEING A SPECIMEN OF SOME WELL-KNOWN SCENES IN

SHAKESPEARE'S MACBETH.

REVIVED AND IMPROVED; AS ENACTED BY
SOME OF HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS
BEFORE THE PIT OF ACHERON.

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*What means this, my Lord?*
*Marry, this is miching Malicho: it means miſchief.* HAMLET.

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BY THE WRITER OF THE PARODIES
IN THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

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*LONDON:*
PRINTED BY J. NICHOLS;
AND SOLD BY J. PRIDDEN, N° 100, FLEET-STREET.

1794.

# CONFUSION'S MASTER-PIECE.

## SCENE I.

Enter Three CITIZENS.

*1ſt cit.* WHEN ſhall We Three meet again,
And thundering rail againſt this Reign?
*2d cit.* When *Convention's* plot is done;
When the battle's loſt and won;
*3d cit.* And they 've murder'd *Capet's* ſon.
*1ſt cit.* Where the place?
*2d cit.* Upon the coaſt.
*3d. cit.* There I go to greet the *French.*
*1ſt cit.* I come, *Roberſpierre!*
*All.* *Danton* calls—anon—
Right is wrong, and wrong is right,
Plunge through thick and thin to-night.

SCENE

## SCENE II.

*1ſt cit.* Where haſt thou been, brother?

*2d cit.* Dropping hand-bills.

*3d cit.* Brother, where thou?

*1ſt. cit.* A ſtately boy had penſions in his pocket,
And ſmil'd, and ſmil'd, and ſmil'd; "Give me," quoth I;
"A halter, rebel," the court-fed minion cries:
He is to the Houſe gone down, maſter o' th' queſtion,
But—call a coach—I 'll thither drive,
And, like a waſp within a hive,
I 'll do it—I'll do it, and I'll do it.

*2d cit.* I'll lend an aid.

*1ſt cit.* Thou ſhalt be paid.

*3d cit.* I'll raiſe a pother.

*1ſt cit.* From a card, (but under cover,)
I of a freſh landing know,
Where they mean to ſtrike the blow.
I will badger him to-night,
Thou to-morrow try thy ſpite;
Every motion thwart, embroil,
Work him to a very oil;

He

He ſhall dwindle, peak, and pine,
Till we force him to reſign;
Though his honour ne'er be ſullied,
Yet he ſhall be croſs'd and bullied.
Look what I have—

*2d cit.* Shew me, ſhew me.

*1ſt cit.* Here I have a razor keen,
Made at *Birmingham*, I ween:

*3d cit.* A drum! a drum!
The *French* be come!

*All.* We wayward brothers hand to mouth,
Troublers both in North and South,
Now will drink about, about;
Thrice to mine, and thrice to thine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
" *Feuds in council, war on coaſt*"—
This is Faction's bumper-toaſt. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter a* Petty *Hero.*

*Hero.* The huzzas of that City mob are hoarſe
That cry the entrance of that Chatham's ſon
Within the Grocers-hall! Would but the Times,

That

That hold him in their hearts, unfix him thence,
And fill *me*, from the Crown, brim full of gains,
And bluſhing honors; make nobler yet my blood,
And open the acceſs and paſſage to the Treaſury;
So ſhould no clamourous oppoſition me
Shake from my ſeat: I w'd keep my place, again,
To ſome effect: for 'tis the purpoſe of my heart
To make a peace with Gaul, ye blund'ring Miniſters,
However in your ſecret cabinet
Ye thwart that country's miſchief.—Come, Lotteries!
Loans!
And fix me in the thickeſt din o' th' alley,
That the keen eye ſee not the ſums I make,
Nor ſcribler, peeping from the *Sun* or *Star*,
Cry out—For ſhame! For ſhame!

## SCENE III.

*1ſt cit.* Thrice the *brindled* cat has ſcratch'd;
*2d cit.* Thrice and once the *grey* gooſe hiſs'd;
*3d cit.* *Renard* cries—'tis time—'tis time.

*1ſt cit.* Round about the country go,
Sow ſedition, make it grow;
In each market-place a *tree*
Plant to wild DEMOCRACY;
Next eclipſe, at murky hour,
Offerings bring, libation pour.

*All.* Double, double, ſtrife and trouble;
Faction, blaze! and, treaſon, bubble!

*1ſt cit.* Prieſt, that in a ſchiſm-ſhop,
Fattening on a traitor's ſop,
'Gainſt the Church has venom ſpit,
He to raiſe the mob's moſt fit.

*All.* Double, &c.

*1ſt cit.* Coronet of ducal pride,
Ribbon torn from the knight's ſide;
Gold ſtick; white ſtick; and black rod
Bending to dictator's nod;
Speaker's mace, and tawdry train;
Lord Mayor's ſword, and Sheriff's chain;
Records, charters, grants, and leaſes,
Bonds, and ſeals, all torn to pieces;
Biſhops' lawn; and Judges' ermine;
(Bench well rid of all ſuch vermin;)

Trencher-cap; and hood of ſcarlet;
Rag of Babylon's old harlot;
From the College nothing ſeize
Of Phyſicians—but their fees—
Spoils of Church and State theſe be—
Burn them in mad extacy.

*All.* Double, &c.

*2d. cit.* Relicks old, and tokens new,
Offer next, ye lawleſs crew;
Scales of equal rank and lands,
And power in unwaſhen hands;
Pale of once-encloſed park;
Purſe, now ſafely ta'en i' th' dark;
Chip of th' old block—where was laid
Head of *Stuart*, firſt betray'd;
Noſe of *Nol*; and *Bradſhaw's* hat;
*Guy Fawkes'* lantern, come in pat;
Philoſophically laid
Train of powder;—as aforeſaid.—

*All.* Double, &c,

*3d. cit.* Pour, from pewter pot, libation,
Fit to poiſon the whole nation;

But,

But, to give it a nice zeſt,
Mix loud clamours 'gainſt the Teſt,
Add thereto a frequent motion
For the ingredients of our potion;
Cool it with fraternal kiſs,
Then the charm will fume and hiſs.
Now your orgies loud begin;
And about the bonfire ſing
Scraps of a *Pindaric* Muſe,
Glorying in good Kings abuſe.

[*Irregular ſhouts, roarings, &c.*]

*Black-guards! and thieves!*
*Blue ſpirits, and buff,*
*Scramble, ſcramble, ſcramble,*
"*And damn'd be him that firſt cries, Hold! enough!*"

*1ſt. cit.* By the ſcreamings of my tongue,
*Tom Paine's* Equal goes along—
Hear him ſwear, before he's here!

*Enter an* ORATOR.

*Orat.* How now, Republic, miſchief-making friends,
What is't ye do?

*All.* A deed too bad to name!

*Orat.* I *ſtand up*, here to aſk, by all our fears,
Tho' yet your hands be tied, that to the ground
Would level Churches, tho' thoſe *teſty* knaves
Confine and ſwallow all preferment up;
Tho' corn as yet be tith'd, and prieſts maintain'd;
Tho' Windſor Caſtle yet by Knights be guarded;
Tho' Palaces and Thrones be ſacred ſtill,
And Learning's rich foundations; tho' the Treaſury,
Exchequer, and the Bank, ſtand all together;
And Diſappointment ſicken at the ſums
That Loyalty contributes!—anſwer me.

[*Apparition of* Wat Tyler.]

*Tyler.* Raſh Orator, beware of Magiſtracy!
Beware the CITY DAGGER, that in Smithfield,
Uplifted, erſt diſmiſſed *me*!—ſcorn not
The power of LAW; leſt Juſtice ſentence thee
To Newgate, or ſome flint-ribb'd priſon *Tower*,
" And crop away that factious pate of thine;
" . . . . . You ſeem to underſtand,
" By all at once your lengthen'd finger laying
" Upon your ſhrivel'd lips"—

Hence-

Henceforth be cow'd, pale-hearted; and take care
Of clubs and dinners, where conſpirers are.
Britain ſhall ne'er new-model'd be, until,
From Dunkirk, *Sans Culottes*, in complete garb,
Shall come againſt it.—

*Orat.* That ne'er can be!!!
Who will inveſt the ragged? raiſe ſubſcriptions
To fit them with ſmall-clothes?—my mind fore-
bodes!—
Rebellion's head is cruſh'd.—Old England's weal
Shall riſe in triumph;—our high-plac'd Monarchy
Outlive the reach of Envy's daring hand
Till time and mortals ceaſe: yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing (if your ſpies in France
Can tell ſo much): Shall *Lewis'* iſſue ever
Regain that kingdom?—ſay *No* to this,
And dinners without coſt for ever treat you!

*3d. cit.* Pour in blood of King and Queen,
Reeking from the guillotine—
Come high, come low,
Thyſelf, O Vengeance! ſwiftly ſhew!

[*A ſhew of Eight Kings, and* Lewis, *&c.*]

*Orat.*

*Orat.* Horrible ſight! now I ſee 'tis true!
For, the blood-bolter'd Lewis ſmiles upon me,
And points at them, for his— [*citizens ſcamper away.*
Where are they?—gone?—let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accurſed in their new calendar!—
" I pall in reſolution—and begin
" To doubt the equivocation of thoſe fools
" That bid me be a meddler;—from this moment,
" The convictions of my heart ſhall be
" The public recantations of my tongue;
" I will not be the villain they would have me
" For the whole ſpace within Rebellion's graſp,
" *America* to boot:—what I am truly
" Shall be my KING's and COUNTRY's to command."

[*Deſcend* BRITANNIA, *with a coronet, trophies, and a banner, on which is ſeen,* A DEO ET REGE.]

BRITANNIA *ſpeaks.*

" Patriot! this noble reſolution,
" Child of Integrity, hath from my ſoul
" Wip'd the black ſcruples, reconcil'd my thoughts

" To thy good truth and honour — henceforth be
" ſeated
" With *King-defending Peers*—what needful elſe
" That calls upon thee, by the grace of Grace,
" Thou ſhalt perform, in meaſure, time, and place."

MACBETH, I. 1. &c.

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